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# Death of Black Bess

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# DICK TURPIN OF BLACK BESS



London:—H. SUCH, Printer, & Publisher,  
177 (late 123), Union street, Boro.—S. E.



**D**ICK Turpin, bold Dick, hie away,  
Was the cry of my pals who were startled you'll  
guess,  
For the pistols were levell'd, the bullets whizzed by,  
As I leaped on the back of Black Bess ;  
Three officers mounted lead forward the chase,  
Resolved in the capture to share,  
But I smiled at their efforts tho' quick was their pace,  
As I urged on my bonny Black Bess.  
Yet when I've a bumper what can I do less,  
Then the memory drink of my bonny Black Bess.

Hark away, hark away, as onward they press,  
As we saw by the glimmer of morn,  
Though many a mile on the back of Black Bess,  
That night I was gallantly borne ;  
Hie over, my pet, thy fatigue I must share,  
Well cleared, never falter for breath,  
Hark forward, my girl, my bonny black mare,  
We speed it for life and for death.  
But when I've a bumper, &c.

The spires of York now burst on my view,  
But the chimes they are ringing her knell,  
Halt, halt, my brave mare, they no longer pursue,  
She halted, she staggered—she fell  
Her breathing was o'er, all was hushed as the grave,  
Alas ! poor Black Bess once my pride,  
Her heart she had burst, her rider to save,  
For Dick Turpin she lived—and she died.  
Then when I've a bumper what can I do less  
Than the memory drink of my bonny Black Bess



# HIGH GERMANY.

**O** Polly, love, O Polly, love, the route it is begun,  
And we must away at the sound of the drum,  
Go dress yourself in all your best and come along with  
me,

And I'll take you to the wars in High Germany.

O my dearest Billy, mind what you say,  
My feet they are sore, I cannot march away,  
Besides my dearest Billy, I am with child by thee,  
And not fitting for the wars in High Germany.

I will buy you a horse, if my Polly can ride,  
And many a long night I will march by her side,  
We'll drink at every ale-house that e'er we come nigh  
And we'll travel on the road, sweet Polly and I.

O Polly, love, O Polly, love, I like you very well,  
There are few in this place my Polly can excel ;  
But when your baby's born, love, and sits smiling on  
your knee,

You will think on your Billy that is in High Germany

Down in yonder valley I'll make for him a bed,  
And the sweetest of roses shall be his coverlid ;  
With pinks and sweet violets I will adorn his feet,  
Where the fishes are charmed, the music is so sweet.

O Polly, love, O Polly, love, pray give me your hand,  
And promise you will marry me when I come to old  
England,

I give you my right hand I will not married be,  
Till you come back from the wars of High Germany.

Woe be to the wars that ever they began,  
For they have press'd my Billy and many a clever man,  
For they have press'd my Billy, no more shall I him see,  
And so cold will be his grave in High Germany.

The drums that beat is covered in green,  
The pretty lambs a sporting much pleasure to be seen,  
May the birds on the branches hinder my downfall,  
The leaving of my true love grieves me the worst of all.